

Weymouth Gazette.

BRAINTREE REPORTER.

VOL. 10.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, DEC. 1, 1876.

NO. 32.

The Weymouth Gazette.

PUBLISHED BY

C. G. EASTERBROOK,

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, AT WEYMOUTH,

MASS.

Terms: Two Dollars a Year, in advance.

Single Copy, Five Cents.

Orders for all kinds of Printing will receive prompt

attention, and be neatly and correctly executed.

Business Cards.

Frank W. Lewis,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

27 COURT STREET, BOSTON,

WEYMOUTH, Mass.

OFFICE: Weymouth, from 9:30 A. M. to 2:30

P. M. Weymouth, from 9:30 A. M. to 5 P. M.

A. F. LOVELL,

DEALER IN

Furnaces, Ranges, Stoves and

TINWARE.

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS, TIN ROOFING

AND PLUMBING.

Agent for the sale of the celebrated

Good News Ranges and Parlor

Stoves.

JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH

27th St.

Don't Forget

B. F. Godwin,

HAIR DRESSER,

JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH,

27th St.

M. FRENCH, JR.,

DEALER IN

STOVES, RANGES, CARPET

SWEEPERS, Etc.

TIN ROOFING AND JOBBING DONE TO ORDER.

Clothes Wringers Repaired.

COMMERCIAL SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH

27th St.

A. F. & H. L. Thayer,

Livery Stable

AND BOARDING,

Washington Square, WEYMOUTH,

27th St.

HAY AND STRAW!

Bundle Hay and Straw

FOR SALE BY

JOS. LOUD & CO.,

WEYMOUTH LANDING

Carriages and Harnesses

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE

NATHAN T. JOY,

Corner of Broad and Middle Streets,

EAST WEYMOUTH,

27th St.

HAY AND STRAW

FOR SALE.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND, first quality Hay and

STRAW, also cut and chaffed, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

HAY, and all kinds of HAY, and all kinds of

Leave your Orders

FOR

JOB PRINTING

AT THIS OFFICE, OR WITH

JOHN P. DAILEY, Business Agt.

AG PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES, INSTEAD OF

CITY ENTERPRISES.

W. O. FAXON, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

HOLBROOK BLOCK,

South Braintree, Mass.

References: David Thayer, M. D., Boston; Jas.

H. Smith, M. D., Cambridge; W. C. Swan, M.

D., Springfield.

Office Hours: 7 to 9 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.

27th St.

WEYMOUTH & BRAINTREE

Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

OF WEYMOUTH.

Insures Dwellings, and other Buildings

not extra Hazardous.

and their contents, at as low rates as any other re-

liable Company.

Amount at Risk, April 1, 1876, \$2,420,000.00.

Paid Dividends, \$10,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

Losses Paid, \$12,000.00.

Assets, \$1,200,000.00.

LITERATURE.

WAITING THE REVUE.

BY J. H. DEWITT.

Resting beneath the waving grass,

Out on the silent hill,

Many a gallant boy has passed,

Waiting the reveille.

Where, murmuring soft, the brook rolls on

O'er the golden sand,

There's stationed many a ghostly one

Who fought for his native land.

Under the shadow of the elm,

There in the misty day,

With broken sword and broken lance,

The sentinels are they!

High up the mountain slope they sleep,

Down in the rocky pass,

Where dappled fall the cold winds sweep,

O'er the misty grass.

On every hillside, every stone,

That flecked the earth with gray,

Their requiem is the old winds' wail.

Full fall the daffodil snow,

Waiting the reveille all still.

The grim battalion sleeps,

The white war eagle, screaming still,

His skyward vigil keeps.

Kitty Ray's Beau.

BY WINWOOD.

"I am sure we do have each other,

And will be very happy together,"

She said, laying her hand on his arm,

And looking straight into his eyes.

"Of course we will, little brother,"

He exclaimed in reply, playfully

Dropping his hand over her forehead,

As he searched for her forehead.

"Miss Hargrave need not fret

Or fume, for we will show her, yet,

What a cosy couple we will make.

Why, I shall have the prettiest, sweetest

Young wife in the whole parish—what

more could I ask for, in the name of

common sense?"

And Kitty felt perfectly satisfied

With her handsome lover, and wondered how

She had ever been so foolish as to doubt

The genuineness of her attachment for him.

When she saw Edward Wyndham,

A little later, and he had asked, in his

earnest, sincere way, if the matter was

feature which Mexico presents of and discharging in the The great Republican party, even so many triumphs over liberty, many powerful enemy, and church party, is against itself, and Republicanism each others threats to out of their common enemy, in history will record as the final in Mexican annals, is of one powerful faction, and Lord, representing the gov- ernment, has lately exhibited itself in of counter-propaganda; that he pronounced for Diaz and against him.

Weymouth Gazette

BRAINTREE REPORTER.

VOL. 10.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, DEC. 8, 1876.

NO. 33.

THE
GAZETTE

BOOK,

CARD,

AND

Printing

OFFICE,

Weymouth

now all the Facilities for

promptly Filling Orders,

in Good Style, for

main and Fancy

WORK!

BUSINESS CARDS

A SPECIALTY!

Books,

Cards,

Drafts,

Labels,

Deeds,

Orders,

Receipts,

Notes,

Posters,

Dodgers,

Tickets,

Tags,

And every description

The Weymouth Gazette.

PUBLISHED BY
C. E. EASTERBROOK,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, AT WEYMOUTH,
MASS.

Terms: (Two Dollars a Year, in advance.)
(Single Copy, Five Cents.)

Orders for all kinds of Printing will receive prompt
attention, and be made to order and executed.

Business Cards.

Frank W. Lewis,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 COURT STREET, BOSTON,
WEYMOUTH, MASS.

OFFICE HOURS: Boston, from 9:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.; Weymouth, from 1 P. M. to 5 P. M.

A. F. LOVELL,

DEALER IN
**Furnaces, Ranges, Stoves and
TINWARE.**

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS, TIN ROOFING
AND PLUMBING.

Agent for the sale of the celebrated
**Good News Ranges and Parlor
Stoves.**

JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH,
27 1/2

Don't Forget

B. F. Godwin,
HAIR DRESSER,
JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH,
27 1/2

M. FRENCH, JR.,

DEALER IN
**STOVES, RANGES, CARPET
SWEEPERS, Etc.**

TIN ROOFING AND JOBBING DONE TO ORDER.
Clothes Wringers Repaired.

COMMERCIAL SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH,
27 1/2

A. F. & H. L. Thayer,

Livery Stable
AND BOARDING,
Washington Square, WEYMOUTH,
27 1/2

HAY AND STRAW!

Bundle Hay and Straw
FOR SALE BY
JOS. LOUD & CO.,
WEYMOUTH LANDING

Carriages and Harnesses

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE "ON
AND OFF."
NATHAN T. JOY,
Commercial Street and Middle Street,
EAST WEYMOUTH

HAY AND STRAW

FOR SALE.
CONSTANTLY ON HAND, first quality Hay and
Straw, for sale at wholesale and retail, by
"HAYTER'S EXPRESS."
Weymouth, April 10, 1872.

G. W. TINKHAM, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE AT RESIDENCE, FIRST STREET,
WEYMOUTH, MASS.

DENTISTRY.

"It is the time for those who want a set of
teeth to have them. I will guarantee an
equal set of Teeth as can be made on Rubber."
FOR TEN DOLLARS.

are time during the last of the year, by the use of
TEETH EXTRACTED without pain, by the use of
NATHAN T. JOY, of Boston.

To be filled with gold or my own preparation and
known to be chemically pure, and of high quality,
and of reasonable price.

OFFICE, WEYMOUTH LANDING.

DR. A. G. NYE.

CHARLES C. TIRRELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
OFFICE 20 COURT ST., ROOM 14, BOSTON.

VIOLENS!

VIOLENS MADE TO ORDER, AND CON-
STANTLY ON HAND.
Prices from \$20.00 to \$35.00.

Repairing done at short notice,
and on reasonable terms.

See Plans given on call.

ISRAEL A. DAILEY,

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

C. L. WELLINGTON,

Cabinet Maker,
Weymouth Landing.

PARLOR ATTENTION PAID TO
Church and Store Joining.

COUNTERS AND COUNTING ROOM DESKS
AND LIVERY.

CARPENTERS JOINING
of all kinds, and of the best quality.

REPAIRS REPAIRED
with care.

GEO. W. HERSEY,
Painter and Glazier,
24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE,
BOSTON.

AND DEALER IN
Paints, Oil, Glass, Varnish, Putty, Glue,
and all kinds of W. F. Bond.

Weymouth Landing.

GEO. W. WARREN,
DEALER IN
GEO. H. RICHARDS,
DEALER IN
MEY'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS,
24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE,
BOSTON.

Leave your Orders

JOB PRINTING

AT THIS OFFICE, OR WITH
JOHN P. DAILEY, Business Ag't.

BY PATRONIZING HOME INDUSTRIES, INSTEAD OF
OUT-OF-TOWNERS.

W. O. FAXON, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.
HOLBROOK BLOCK,
South BRAINTREE, Mass.

Residence: South BRAINTREE, Mass. (near
the depot). Office: BRAINTREE, Mass. (near
the depot). Office hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

WEYMOUTH & BRAINTREE

Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
OF WEYMOUTH.

Insures Dwellings, and other Buildings
not extra Hazardous,
and their contents, at low rates as any other re-
sponsible Company.

Amount at Risk, April 1, 1876, \$2,100,000.00.
Cash on hand, \$2,100,000.00.
Deposits, \$2,100,000.00.
Total Assets, \$2,100,000.00.
N. L. WHITE, President.
ELIAS RICHARDS, Secretary.

J. BINNEY & CO.,

Groceries and Provisions,
LINCOLN SQUARE,
Weymouth Landing.

Butter, Cheese, Pork, Lard,
FLOUR, MEAL, COFFEE,
Sugars, Molasses, Teas, Spices, &c.,
Of the best quality.

For sale at the lowest current rates. Goods de-
livered free of charge.

OLIVER BURRELL,

House, Sign & Carriage Painter,
PAINTS, OIL, VARNISH, GLASS, &c.,
310 PARK ST., BOSTON.

Particular attention given to a first-class
house, sign, and carriage painting.

R. F. RAYMOND,

Teacher of Piano, Organ and Harmony.
EAST WEYMOUTH.

Citizens Market.

WM. G. THAYER, Proprietor.
This market is a new and
SUPPLY PIC-NICS & PARTIES
WITH
CORNEED BEEF, HAM, &c.,
TONGUE.

Cooked and F. ady for the Table,
at the lowest market prices. Parties will please give
us four days notice, and our market will be
filled with the best of everything.

Meats and Vegetables, also Oysters, Fishery,
Confectionery, Fruit, &c.

All orders carefully and promptly attended to, and
delivered free of charge.

We have a splendid HILLMAN HALL, open
day and night, for dancing, parties, or for
any other purpose. We are prepared to receive
and entertain a large number of guests.

Washington St., near the cor. of Broad St.,
Weymouth Landing.

Weymouth Drug Store.

FRANCIS AMHER,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
Commercial St., Weymouth.

The country is not
a great variety of
Articles.

STATIONERY, both plain and initial,
and every article found in a first-class drug store.

Every article found in a first-class drug store,
and every article found in a first-class drug store.

Parties will please give us four days notice, and our market will be
filled with the best of everything.

All orders carefully and promptly attended to, and
delivered free of charge.

We have a splendid HILLMAN HALL, open
day and night, for dancing, parties, or for
any other purpose. We are prepared to receive
and entertain a large number of guests.

Washington St., near the cor. of Broad St.,
Weymouth Landing.

Weymouth Market

J. G. WOESLER & CO.,
PROVISION AND GROCERY STORE,
Cor. Commercial and Washington Sts.,
WEYMOUTH.

Continually on hand a good assortment of choice
BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, LARD,
HAMS, BUTTER, CHEESE, and
FAMILY GROCERIES.

All of which will be sold at the lowest current prices.

JOSEPH E. RICE & SON,

Funeral Undertakers,
EAST WEYMOUTH.

W. F. RATHBUN, M. D.,
DEALER IN
NORFOLK ST., WEYMOUTH.

Office, Boston Post Building,
Milk, near Washington St.,
BOSTON.

AT WEYMOUTH AFTER 4 O'CLOCK P. M.

LITERATURE.

THE NOVEL-READER.

'Twas very sweet of a summer's eve,
To hear her talk and sing
Of days and days and days, and eves,
And all that sort of thing.

For her sweet and quiet air,
Not the very one that I didn't see
The novel on the chair.

I longed to have a quiet wife,
I'm a mouse quite driven me frantic;
Not to have a novel-reading spouse
Is anything but fantastic.

The two long days, days, days, days,
In a coldish winter's chair,
In slippers, shoes, and day gown,
And tangled, uncombed hair.

The children look like begonia's leaves,
And little have they of breeding;
Yet this is but one of the many ills
That flow from novel-reading.

For the novel! I'm very sure
You never did see such reading!
For the novel! I'm very sure
You never did see such reading!

The bed-room's very like a sty,
And the kitchen smells a stinky;
The parlors have the parlor odor,
And the nursery is a sty.

The lady looks like a begonia's leaves,
And little have they of breeding;
Yet this is but one of the many ills
That flow from novel-reading.

For the novel! I'm very sure
You never did see such reading!
For the novel! I'm very sure
You never did see such reading!

APPLE-DUMPLINGS.

'What the plum-pudding is to Old
England,' I said to my wife, at the
same time tossing a lution or two of
my waistcoat, 'the apple-dumpling
is to the apple-dumpling, looking
completely down upon one
lying, fragrant and standing, on the
plate before me, is to New England.
It is the mainstay, as a sailor might
say, of the dessert. Indeed, it is not
impossible to make off of it an entire
dinner. It bears no likeness to the
dumpling, except in the fact that it is
made of French extraction, which
places the plate of your dainty hand-
some Miss, but it is a right down
home, earnest, thoughtful sort of a dish,
which our grandmothers, in the good
old times, were not ashamed to place
before a hungry man. Without pos-
sessing the richness, indigestibility, and
costliness of the plum-pudding, it is
quite as satisfying to the appetite, and
much more healthful. Besides, it has
the reputation of being a national dish,
and as such merits our warmest sup-
port. It was not known in England, as
I have been assured by very good au-
thorities—Peter Plunder to the contrary
notwithstanding—until after the Revolu-
tionary war, and the story of the first
time the Britishers partook of it, as re-
corded in the 'History of the War of
Independence,' is a very interesting one.
The story is that, during the war, a
certain officer, having heard my great-grand-
father relate it many years ago, was
impressed by its air of truthfulness,
and, regarding that the history wherein
it was contained had never been pub-
lished, resolved, if ever the opportu-
nity offered of putting it in print, I
would do so.'

'Which resolution,' said my wife,
'I think you must have forgotten as
quickly as you seem to have forgotten
the dumpling before you.'

'Good gracious!' I exclaimed, 'I
wouldn't forget my dumpling for any-
thing, but do you know that told dumpl-
ings are very good, and that frozen
ones when warmed over are delicious?'

In answer to this, I have heard of my
grandmother saying, the thirty hours
of that said little child used to
cook up hundreds of them in the fall,
as they did their mince-pies and doug-
nuts, and store them away for use dur-
ing the winter.'

'That is a likely story,' said my
wife.

'It is only the beginning of a story,'
I replied; 'wait until I've finished this
dumpling, and then you shall hear it.'
Whereupon I set to with a will, and
soon had put the dumpling where all
good apple-dumplings like to go. Then
turning to my wife, I said: 'It was
during one of the latter years of the
war of the Revolution, in the month of
December, that a British frigate ap-
peared off the coast of Nantucket; and
after going through various nauf-
ragious adventures of a mysterious charac-
ter, she was captured by a privateer, and
brought to the harbor of Nantucket. This
was a great gain to the Britishers, for
from the island the Britishers, who, from
under the broad beams of their boats, saw
their fairest saildresses disappearing be-
hind the deadly line of the foe, being
of a peaceful disposition, and not given
to wrangling and quarreling with one
another, they submitted for a long time
to the lion's growling and fighting with-
out returning the compliment by bark-
ing and biting. But at last, when pa-
tience ceased to be a virtue, they drew
forth from their hiding-place under the
misting-house the sea-eunuch the island
possessed. This common had never
seen it came into their possession, but
used for our purposes, but had been
employed only to carry the con-
tingent of the party's ship. So a crew of
the least-staided and conscientious
of the peace-loving community—
young men, but no braver than their
elders, opened with the gun upon the
enemy. So long as they shot last
they did a good business; knocking
many a shrewd Britisher on the frigate
into a cocked hat, making kindling wood
of its spars, turning its sails into shav-
ers, and its hull into a coddled target.
But when the cannon-balls had been
used—they only kept a few on hand
for the purpose of weighing a body
with when they sent it to Davy Jones's
locker—they were in a sad plight—

There was the 'devil,' as Burns calls
him, to pay, and no pluck hot, and great
tribulation was over all the island. The
old men and old women who had winked
at the warlike proceedings, and haw-
laway approved of them, now turned up
their eyes, and shook their heads, and
wagged their tongues—at least those old
who had heard to wags—as much as to
say that they had foreseen this discom-
fiture from the first, and that it would
have been much better to have held fast
to their peace principles. Not so, how-
ever, with the young men and the young
women. They put their heads together
under the sim-bummers of the latter—in
those days they were sim-bummers all
the year round—and consulted with one
another. The result was that immedi-
ately thereafter a young woman hastened
home, but quickly returned with baskets
laden with what do you think?

'Cannon-balls,' my wife answered.

'No,' I said, 'apple-dumplings free-
zen hard. And straightway the men
began firing them at the enemy. They
felt upon the deck of that fatal vessel
'thick as leaves in Vallandigham,' and
where they struck a man fair they play-
tered him all over-for, of course, the
heat of the coming powder (having
them as they passed) through the air.
The enemy didn't know what to make
of these strange missiles, and thinking
them to be some kind of infernal ma-
chines, got frightened and retreated be-
hind the decks, whence they still kept up
a steady fire on the island.

'Just at this juncture the captain of
the frigate, upon receiving an observa-
tion from the shore, received a dumpl-
ing plump in his mouth, and instead of
knocking his head off, as it should have
done, it went smoothly down his throat.
When the captain recovered from the
shock—which he did after a moment—
of swallowing a dumpling, with gun-
powder sauce, in so incoherent a man-
ner, and getting at the same instant
the savory flavor of the dumpling in his
palate, he exclaimed, while his face
glowed into innumerable smiles, 'Plum
pudding, by Heaven! or the next thing
to it!' Of course, this wonderful dis-
covery was soon misal all over the ves-
sel, and the result was that at every
port-hole there was a lot of grinning
faces, with open mouths, displayed,
ready to catch the first that came along.
Discipline was entirely at an end, the
guns remained inactive, and from the
cannon the sailors, except in the
case of the cannon, every one on board
was waiting for his dessert to be
sent him from the shore.

'Taking advantage of this state of
things, and "guessing" the cause, Long
Tom Coffin, who chanced to be at home
that day—having returned from a four-
days' cruise after whales in the Pacific
the night before—collecting a boat's
crew, put off quietly from the shore,
gained the harbor side of the vessel,
boarded her, and before any one on the
frigate knew what had happened every
member of her crew was a prisoner.
And it was through them, when they
went home after the close of the war—
some of them married on the island the
last apple-dumplings makers of whom it
became known to the housewives of
England.'

'That's a pretty good story,' said my
wife.

'Yes,' I replied, 'and its chief
merit lies in its truth.'

'It strikes me, that if I live there
anywhere,' said my wife, 'some what
pointedly, I thought.'

'Well, ever since then,' I said,
'Nantucket has been celebrated for
three things; namely, its apple-dumplings,
its fish chowder, and its corn-
puddings.'

'Each,' said my wife, 'a most ex-
cellent dish in its way.'

[For the Gazette.]

TO THE RIO GRANDE & BEYOND.

NO. XX.

THE STORY OF THE ALAMO.

'COMMANDEMENT OF THE ALAMO,'
BEXAR.

February 24, 1836.

I am besieged by a thousand or more
of the Mexicans under Santa Anna.
I have sustained a combined land and
sea attack for twenty-four hours, and have
not lost a man. The enemy have de-
clared a surrender at discretion; other-
wise the garrison is to be put to the
sword. If the place is taken, I have
under the broad beams of their boats, saw
their fairest saildresses disappearing be-
hind the deadly line of the foe, being
of a peaceful disposition, and not given
to wrangling and quarreling with one
another, they submitted for a long time
to the lion's growling and fighting with-
out returning the compliment by bark-
ing and biting. But at last, when pa-
tience ceased to be a virtue, they drew
forth from their hiding-place under the
misting-house the sea-eunuch the island
possessed. This common had never
seen it came into their possession, but
used for our purposes, but had been
employed only to carry the con-
tingent of the party's ship. So a crew of
the least-staided and conscientious
of the peace-loving community—
young men, but no braver than their
elders, opened with the gun upon the
enemy. So long as they shot last
they did a good business; knocking
many a shrewd Britisher on the frigate
into a cocked hat, making kindling wood
of its spars, turning its sails into shav-
ers, and its hull into a coddled target.
But when the cannon-balls had been
used—they only kept a few on hand
for the purpose of weighing a body
with when they sent it to Davy Jones's
locker—they were in a sad plight—

single conferred no more glory upon
Spain than did Travis, Bowie, and
Crocket at the Alamo, bestow upon
American.

Of Travis little is known prior to his
embarking in the cause of liberty, ten-
dering his services to Gen. Austin early
in 1845, being then a merchant at Aus-
tin. He was appointed Lieut. Colonel
of the First Regiment of Infantry,
and in the distribution of the little army
was ordered to San Felipe.

James Bowie was born in Georgia,
soon after the emigration of his parents
from Maryland, about 1794. His repu-
tation prior to his removal to Texas in
1829, was that of a mild type of the des-
perado, and the annals of the "Coke"
contain no more thrilling account than
that between Bowie and Norris Wright.
On a hunt of the Mississippi in Sep-
tember, 1829, during which a man was
killed and several wounded, Bowie es-
caped with a slight cut. Believing the
ordinary knife entirely unfit for the
skilled carving of his fellow men on
the field of honor, he invented a lob-
bier, which he used with great success,
and which he carried with him. In per-
son Bowie stood about six feet, and
well-proportioned, erect in bearing, and
while of a fair complexion, with blue
eyes, had a fierce expression which in
connection with great daring and a won-
derful muscular power, made him a
formidable opponent. He was, how-
ever, never quarrelsome, but mild and
quiet, even in action; social and in-
clined to inemperance, but never
drunk; prodigal of his means, and pos-
sessing a wonderful power of winning
people to him. His means, acquired in
purchasing negroes from the bumper
Lafitte, and smuggling them into Lou-
isiana, were not inconsiderable, but
were to the last devoted to the
cause of Texas. Hardly the material
for a hero, you will say, but it required
no heroic heart to embark in a task
so fraught with danger as was the in-
dependence of Texas. In every early
engagement with the enemy, none were
more brave than Bowie; at the battle of
Nacogdoches, the fight at "Grassprairie,"
and San Saba, the terrible engagement
of the "Concepcion," he was the foremost
in action, the last in the retreat. He
married a daughter of Nacogdoches,
the daughter of the country under the
Mexican rule.

Of the eccentric *Davy Crockett*, there

[illegible]

The Weymouth Gazette.

C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR.

This local paper has an extensive circulation in the surrounding towns, and is an advertising medium far superior to any other in this vicinity.

SP. ADVERTISING NOTICES INSERTED AT THE EDITOR'S OFFICE.

[FOR THE GAZETTE.]

IN A CALIFORNIA SADDLE.

Or a Trip to San Diego.

BY FREDERICK H. WALES.

NO. VI.

That night we reached San Luis Rey, camping behind a big haystack, for which privilege we paid a Mexican "two-bit piece." This is a beautiful green valley, with a river winding through it, but like all Spanish towns, showing no thrift. With land that will produce anything in the world almost, they never plant a tree or vine or anything else save a few oranges, a little corn, and a few hills of water-melons. They have some fine cattle ranches, though, and these pay well. The central object of interest to me was the old "Mission." Every Spanish town seems to have one, built by the old Padres, for the religious benefit of the Mexicans and Indians. This one is the largest I have found anywhere, and it was evidently built in superb style in its day, though it is largely in ruins. The main building is as large as many of the cathedrals of the old world, and is tolerably well preserved, so that occasionally services are yet held in it, but the long wings, some three or four hundred feet in length, containing the cells of the priests, etc., are all falling to pieces, as are also the outbuildings and the cemetery surrounded by its high adobe wall. The four bells are in niches high up on the sides of the building, and the sacred cactus still flourishes in the garden and the solitary place high up on the tower.

This I find on all of them, and it evidently had a significance to the old Padres, but what it was I have not been able to learn. Following our route here at one of the finest wells in California, we continued our journey. It was much as it had been, and we hoped away, sometimes without a living thing in sight save the lizards and owls, then through bands of cattle and horses, thousands in number, and each marked with the peculiar brand of its owner. San Juan Capistrano is a larger place than San Luis Rey, more business, more houses, more enterprise. Do you ask why? Because more Americans have settled in there. They always carry enterprise with them and in a measure make up the dormant energies of the sleepy-headed Mexicans, but only in a measure. It is principally situated about a square, the four sides of which are bounded by red-tiled adobe buildings, stores, taverns, groceries and a barber's shop.

One side of the square is occupied by the old Mission, which, like all the others, is in ruins. As I sat sketching this, I thought, what a difference it makes in the long run of what materials we build. On the continent of Europe are many cathedrals which have for five hundred years been the pride of art and the wonder of an admiring world. They were built to stand; their foundations were laid deep and strong; their walls were reared in stone and iron; their embellishments were of marble, bronze and gold, and today they still fair to last a thousand years, but here are other buildings, also temples of worship, built by devotees of the same faith; these too were once grand and imposing, but these were reared not yet a hundred years ago, and what a contrast!

While they look fresh and enduring, these are mostly in ruins; decay is written on every part. Architecture, brick and cornice have disappeared, the lofty columns have tumbled down, the immense arched gateway at the entrance stands in ruins; the corridors are given to rats and owls, and the only worshippers before the disheveled shrines are the swallows, which, and their plaster nests filled with white and crevice; the few remaining pictures are black and dingy, while the plaster statues of the saints have entirely disappeared; even the bells are gone and corroded and their legends unrecognizable, and of all this immense pile, which once seemed with life and the forms of piety, the only part now preserved is the little fragment of the long wing, where a solitary priest still chants his matin prayers and chimes the vesper bells—a sad reminder of what has been.

And why this difference between the temples of the old world and the new? It simply lies in the materials of which they were constructed. They were built of marble—these of adobe clay. They were founded upon the rock, and these upon mounds of sand. They were built to endure storms and tempests, these only for mild and pleasant weather, and while they are late and venerable, these are already in ruins and decay.

And what an analogy between these and the characters of many men. Some look well to the foundations upon which they build; they choose only the best materials and though it takes time and patience, and toil and suffering even, they will never allow a defect or overlook a fault; everywhere within and without they build for eternity. But how different from other builders! They also build on a grand scale, but hastily and carelessly, of any material that comes to hand—adobe or rubble, clay or sand. It matters little if it is only covered from sight with an outside coating of mud and whitewash. Built for them as good as adobe and a plaster image answers for a statue of Italian marble.

A little while they impress men with their magnitude, but by and by the storms blow and the winds blow and beat upon that house and it falls, and great is the fall thereof.

These thoughts flitted through my mind as I tried hastily to scratch a few outlines of the old pile in my pocket sketch-book. There is a fascination about these old buildings that takes back a hundred years to the time when the Padres, with all the authority of absolute despotism, dominated over the

tribes of Indians, made them bowers of wood and drawers of water, made them plant their gardens, tend their cattle and horses and bring the timber for these big cathedrals for scores of miles out of the mountains on their shoulders. Never were men converted to a religion more completely by the powers of religion than these Indians in California, and yet they still cling to their religion and every Indian takes pride in being a Catholic.

Having patronized the San Luis Rey, we started on our way. We had planned to stop a couple of days at Laguna Canyon, some twenty miles above here, one of the growing favorites among the places of seaside resort. There is a beautiful glen reaching down to the sea, with plenty of good water, good fishing, good bathing and boats for those who want them, but we had no time to get there, so we hurried. Tustin and Tustin cities were scarcely seen, but they are not large places and of no special importance. Orange and Avon also were left on our side, both of which are said to be pretty and growing places. Santa Anna we found to be a brisk, growing little town, with plenty of enterprise and a good future before it, though the buildings do not have the substantial appearance that our day at Riverside. They are mostly new shells, but the place is growing, and will soon rival Anaheim, its next door neighbor, and by far the prettiest city I have seen in Southern California. However, it is chiefly its size that gives it its superiority, for many places are laid out even prettier, and when ten years have passed, will be far ahead of it.

There, however, can be seen what a few years can do in this country. Paper trees as large as Eastern elms at forty years of age; walnuts with burls as big as barrels and loaded with fruit, and all kinds of trees with the same proportionate growth. This is certainly a pretty place, but we are told the pig-headedness of the German settlers in trying to keep out Americans, and refusing to trade with them in any fair and honorable way after they had settled there, has driven much of the trade to Santa Anna, and even to Westminster, and they are fattening at Anaheim's expense.

We went out of our way a little to visit Westminster. This is a beautiful farming country, depending wholly upon an Artesian water for irrigation, and it has some of the finest wells in the State. An iron pipe about the size of a stove pipe arises from the well about two feet, and from the mouth of this the liquid water comes in a perfect oval without a break or ripple in it till it strikes the surface of the water in the little pond that always surrounds it. So perfect is the stillness and apparent motionlessness of this water as it flows over, that one could almost swear it was glass. I looked a long time before I could convince myself that there was any motion there, so perfect was the illusion. It looked like a big glass goblet inverted over the pipe.

The way they measure the water is to take a barrel and place it across the nozzle vertically; in the centre the water rises one inch then they call it that the well flows one inch of water, and if two inches, then it flows two inches, etc. They have one well there which flows six inches of water. This differs from the miner's measure, which is adopted in the irrigating canals—much consists of a certain number of square inches of aperture, and six inches pressure of water.

This is chiefly a grain-growing region. The corn is beautiful, often growing feet in height, and the grain itself looks like Illinois and Iowa. They are doing something in fruit and it is a pretty place to live, but it never expects to become anything more than a country town of large farms; it is not a business place.

Our next stop was Los Angeles, the queen city of Southern California. You of course know all about it and have often heard of its vast business enterprise, its fine hotels, its schools, its beautiful churches and its orange groves, all adding to its charm and its respectability, and yet enough of the old-time shiftness left to make it look a little sunny to Eastern eyes. This will have to give way before the enterprising spirit of the times, and influx of Eastern people. Leaving this place near day we paid a short visit to the Old Mission of San Gabriel, which was less attractive to me than those farther down the coast. We passed through the little towns of Sylmar and El Monte, and came to Spaulding where we tarried for the night at "Boulevard." The famous hotel which used to be so widely known when this was the terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and certainly a delightful place as any one could desire to stop in. There was an air of solid comfort in the broad verandas reaching all around the substantial old house, and the wide hall passing directly through the midst of the southern style, and the fine old shade trees, which made a complete canopy for the yard, and the trellised arbor of grapes covering an acre or so behind the house. All these, not to speak of the generous hotel spread in the great dining hall, reminded one of the generous olden times. But our week was fast passing and we could not tarry to enjoy these comforts and the first rays of the rising sun found us already on our way. At noon we had reached the time, having left Pomona early in the morning. This is a pretty little town on the railroad, growing slowly but surely into favor. It has a fair hotel and has lately found Artesian water.

The time ranch is a long stretch of grassy country, green the whole year round, and feeding thousands of cattle and sheep. This is soon to be cut up into small farms. It is good grass and grain land but useless for fruit, owing to late frosts and gophers.

Toward evening we ascended the last range of hills between us and our home, and as we reached the summit what a charming view came flooding on our sight. Nothing since we had left it on the other side had looked beautiful. Fair as the garden of the Lord it lay stretching for twenty miles in length. The silvery Santa Anna winding its serpentine way along, fringed with cottonwood and willows and tufts of millets,

carrying fertility to thousands of farms, by shading us from the sun. Everywhere before us there was living greenness, save the dry plains beyond and the big fields of yellow grain waiting to be gathered in. We voted unanimously that we had seen nothing half so lovely since we left it from the other side.

We hastened on, getting in just in season for tea, and for the first time during our trip to sleeping when dining at the Hotel Horton in San Diego and the St. Charles in Los Angeles sat down to a table d'hôte. We had been gone just ten days and traveled over three hundred miles. We had good food, good spirits, keen appetites and no incidents during all the time, and we concluded that we both enjoyed this mode of travel and should never regret our horse-back ride to San Diego.

A few years since the publication of Dr. Martin's "The Wild West" and "The Old West" it was not possible to find a single article. One people seem to have been in a hurry to get it, and it is now the most popular and best-seller in the market. It is a collection of the most complete, reliable, and up-to-date information on the subject of the West, and is a valuable addition to the library of every one who is interested in the subject. It is a large size, 20 x 25, and is bound in a fine leather.

There are, however, can be seen what a few years can do in this country. Paper trees as large as Eastern elms at forty years of age; walnuts with burls as big as barrels and loaded with fruit, and all kinds of trees with the same proportionate growth. This is certainly a pretty place, but we are told the pig-headedness of the German settlers in trying to keep out Americans, and refusing to trade with them in any fair and honorable way after they had settled there, has driven much of the trade to Santa Anna, and even to Westminster, and they are fattening at Anaheim's expense.

We went out of our way a little to visit Westminster. This is a beautiful farming country, depending wholly upon an Artesian water for irrigation, and it has some of the finest wells in the State. An iron pipe about the size of a stove pipe arises from the well about two feet, and from the mouth of this the liquid water comes in a perfect oval without a break or ripple in it till it strikes the surface of the water in the little pond that always surrounds it. So perfect is the stillness and apparent motionlessness of this water as it flows over, that one could almost swear it was glass. I looked a long time before I could convince myself that there was any motion there, so perfect was the illusion. It looked like a big glass goblet inverted over the pipe.

The way they measure the water is to take a barrel and place it across the nozzle vertically; in the centre the water rises one inch then they call it that the well flows one inch of water, and if two inches, then it flows two inches, etc. They have one well there which flows six inches of water. This differs from the miner's measure, which is adopted in the irrigating canals—much consists of a certain number of square inches of aperture, and six inches pressure of water.

This is chiefly a grain-growing region. The corn is beautiful, often growing feet in height, and the grain itself looks like Illinois and Iowa. They are doing something in fruit and it is a pretty place to live, but it never expects to become anything more than a country town of large farms; it is not a business place.

Our next stop was Los Angeles, the queen city of Southern California. You of course know all about it and have often heard of its vast business enterprise, its fine hotels, its schools, its beautiful churches and its orange groves, all adding to its charm and its respectability, and yet enough of the old-time shiftness left to make it look a little sunny to Eastern eyes. This will have to give way before the enterprising spirit of the times, and influx of Eastern people. Leaving this place near day we paid a short visit to the Old Mission of San Gabriel, which was less attractive to me than those farther down the coast. We passed through the little towns of Sylmar and El Monte, and came to Spaulding where we tarried for the night at "Boulevard." The famous hotel which used to be so widely known when this was the terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and certainly a delightful place as any one could desire to stop in. There was an air of solid comfort in the broad verandas reaching all around the substantial old house, and the wide hall passing directly through the midst of the southern style, and the fine old shade trees, which made a complete canopy for the yard, and the trellised arbor of grapes covering an acre or so behind the house. All these, not to speak of the generous hotel spread in the great dining hall, reminded one of the generous olden times. But our week was fast passing and we could not tarry to enjoy these comforts and the first rays of the rising sun found us already on our way. At noon we had reached the time, having left Pomona early in the morning. This is a pretty little town on the railroad, growing slowly but surely into favor. It has a fair hotel and has lately found Artesian water.

The time ranch is a long stretch of grassy country, green the whole year round, and feeding thousands of cattle and sheep. This is soon to be cut up into small farms. It is good grass and grain land but useless for fruit, owing to late frosts and gophers.

Toward evening we ascended the last range of hills between us and our home, and as we reached the summit what a charming view came flooding on our sight. Nothing since we had left it on the other side had looked beautiful. Fair as the garden of the Lord it lay stretching for twenty miles in length. The silvery Santa Anna winding its serpentine way along, fringed with cottonwood and willows and tufts of millets,

carrying fertility to thousands of farms, by shading us from the sun. Everywhere before us there was living greenness, save the dry plains beyond and the big fields of yellow grain waiting to be gathered in. We voted unanimously that we had seen nothing half so lovely since we left it from the other side.

We hastened on, getting in just in season for tea, and for the first time during our trip to sleeping when dining at the Hotel Horton in San Diego and the St. Charles in Los Angeles sat down to a table d'hôte. We had been gone just ten days and traveled over three hundred miles. We had good food, good spirits, keen appetites and no incidents during all the time, and we concluded that we both enjoyed this mode of travel and should never regret our horse-back ride to San Diego.

A few years since the publication of Dr. Martin's "The Wild West" and "The Old West" it was not possible to find a single article. One people seem to have been in a hurry to get it, and it is now the most popular and best-seller in the market. It is a collection of the most complete, reliable, and up-to-date information on the subject of the West, and is a valuable addition to the library of every one who is interested in the subject. It is a large size, 20 x 25, and is bound in a fine leather.

There are, however, can be seen what a few years can do in this country. Paper trees as large as Eastern elms at forty years of age; walnuts with burls as big as barrels and loaded with fruit, and all kinds of trees with the same proportionate growth. This is certainly a pretty place, but we are told the pig-headedness of the German settlers in trying to keep out Americans, and refusing to trade with them in any fair and honorable way after they had settled there, has driven much of the trade to Santa Anna, and even to Westminster, and they are fattening at Anaheim's expense.

We went out of our way a little to visit Westminster. This is a beautiful farming country, depending wholly upon an Artesian water for irrigation, and it has some of the finest wells in the State. An iron pipe about the size of a stove pipe arises from the well about two feet, and from the mouth of this the liquid water comes in a perfect oval without a break or ripple in it till it strikes the surface of the water in the little pond that always surrounds it. So perfect is the stillness and apparent motionlessness of this water as it flows over, that one could almost swear it was glass. I looked a long time before I could convince myself that there was any motion there, so perfect was the illusion. It looked like a big glass goblet inverted over the pipe.

The way they measure the water is to take a barrel and place it across the nozzle vertically; in the centre the water rises one inch then they call it that the well flows one inch of water, and if two inches, then it flows two inches, etc. They have one well there which flows six inches of water. This differs from the miner's measure, which is adopted in the irrigating canals—much consists of a certain number of square inches of aperture, and six inches pressure of water.

This is chiefly a grain-growing region. The corn is beautiful, often growing feet in height, and the grain itself looks like Illinois and Iowa. They are doing something in fruit and it is a pretty place to live, but it never expects to become anything more than a country town of large farms; it is not a business place.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS,
GUNS, RIFLES & PISTOLS,
BOSTON.

FALL SEASON, 1876
Prices the lowest
for 15 years.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS
NOW IN STORE A VERY
EXTENSIVE STOCK
OF
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
FURNITURE,
CROCKERY,
GLASS, TIN, WOODEN
WARE,
Together with a full line of
CHOICE FAMILY
GROCERIES.

Flour and Fine Teas
A SPECIALTY.
J. W. BARTLETT.
North Weymouth, Mass.

COAL,
WOOD AND HAY.
Wharf, East Braintree.

For Sale at Lowest Cash Rates.
J. F. SHEPPARD.

BEST FLOUR,
GROCERIES AND
PROVISIONS,
PAPER
HANGINGS
AND BORDERS.

J. E. JOHNSON,
Washington Square, Weymouth.

BAKER & RANDALL
ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

HARDWARE & CUTLERY.

GEO. S. BAKER,
Washington Square, Weymouth.

The Smith American Organ Company
OF BOSTON, MASS.

150 FIRST PREMIUMS RECEIVED.
50,000 ORGANS MADE AND IN USE.
EVERYWHERE ADMITTED TO POSSESS THE FINEST QUALITY OF MUSICAL TONE.

FURNITURE
REPAIRING.

Enamelled Preserving Kettles.

Mason's Paraffin-lined
Self-Sealing Jars.

THEY MAKE THEIR WAY.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS,
GUNS, RIFLES & PISTOLS,
BOSTON.

FALL SEASON, 1876
Prices the lowest
for 15 years.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS
NOW IN STORE A VERY
EXTENSIVE STOCK
OF
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
FURNITURE,
CROCKERY,
GLASS, TIN, WOODEN
WARE,
Together with a full line of
CHOICE FAMILY
GROCERIES.

Flour and Fine Teas
A SPECIALTY.
J. W. BARTLETT.
North Weymouth, Mass.

COAL,
WOOD AND HAY.
Wharf, East Braintree.

For Sale at Lowest Cash Rates.
J. F. SHEPPARD.

BEST FLOUR,
GROCERIES AND
PROVISIONS,
PAPER
HANGINGS
AND BORDERS.

J. E. JOHNSON,
Washington Square, Weymouth.

BAKER & RANDALL
ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

HARDWARE & CUTLERY.

GEO. S. BAKER,
Washington Square, Weymouth.

The Smith American Organ Company
OF BOSTON, MASS.

150 FIRST PREMIUMS RECEIVED.
50,000 ORGANS MADE AND IN USE.
EVERYWHERE ADMITTED TO POSSESS THE FINEST QUALITY OF MUSICAL TONE.

FURNITURE
REPAIRING.

Enamelled Preserving Kettles.

Mason's Paraffin-lined
Self-Sealing Jars.

THEY MAKE THEIR WAY.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS,
GUNS, RIFLES & PISTOLS,
BOSTON.

FALL SEASON, 1876
Prices the lowest
for 15 years.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS
NOW IN STORE A VERY
EXTENSIVE STOCK
OF
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
FURNITURE,
CROCKERY,
GLASS, TIN, WOODEN
WARE,
Together with a full line of
CHOICE FAMILY
GROCERIES.

Flour and Fine Teas
A SPECIALTY.
J. W. BARTLETT.
North Weymouth, Mass.

COAL,
WOOD AND HAY.
Wharf, East Braintree.

For Sale at Lowest Cash Rates.
J. F. SHEPPARD.

BEST FLOUR,
GROCERIES AND
PROVISIONS,
PAPER
HANGINGS
AND BORDERS.

J. E. JOHNSON,
Washington Square, Weymouth.

BAKER & RANDALL
ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

HARDWARE & CUTLERY.

GEO. S. BAKER,
Washington Square, Weymouth.

The Smith American Organ Company
OF BOSTON, MASS.

150 FIRST PREMIUMS RECEIVED.
50,000 ORGANS MADE AND IN USE.
EVERYWHERE ADMITTED TO POSSESS THE FINEST QUALITY OF MUSICAL TONE.

FURNITURE
REPAIRING.

Enamelled Preserving Kettles.

Mason's Paraffin-lined
Self-Sealing Jars.

THEY MAKE THEIR WAY.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS,
GUNS, RIFLES & PISTOLS,
BOSTON.

FALL SEASON, 1876
Prices the lowest
for 15 years.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS
NOW IN STORE A VERY
EXTENSIVE STOCK
OF
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
FURNITURE,
CROCKERY,
GLASS, TIN, WOODEN
WARE,
Together with a full line of
CHOICE FAMILY
GROCERIES.

Flour and Fine Teas
A SPECIALTY.
J. W. BARTLETT.
North Weymouth, Mass.

COAL,
WOOD AND HAY.
Wharf, East Braintree.

For Sale at Lowest Cash Rates.
J. F. SHEPPARD.

BEST FLOUR,
GROCERIES AND
PROVISIONS,
PAPER
HANGINGS
AND BORDERS.

J. E. JOHNSON,
Washington Square, Weymouth.

BAKER & RANDALL
ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

HARDWARE & CUTLERY.

GEO. S. BAKER,
Washington Square, Weymouth.

The Smith American Organ Company
OF BOSTON, MASS.

150 FIRST PREMIUMS RECEIVED.
50,000 ORGANS MADE AND IN USE.
EVERYWHERE ADMITTED TO POSSESS THE FINEST QUALITY OF MUSICAL TONE.

FURNITURE
REPAIRING.

Enamelled Preserving Kettles.

Mason's Paraffin-lined
Self-Sealing Jars.

THEY MAKE THEIR WAY.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS,
GUNS, RIFLES & PISTOLS,
BOSTON.

FALL SEASON, 1876
Prices the lowest
for 15 years.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS
NOW IN STORE A VERY
EXTENSIVE STOCK
OF
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
FURNITURE,
CROCKERY,
GLASS, TIN, WOODEN
WARE,
Together with a full line of
CHOICE FAMILY
GROCERIES.

Flour and Fine Teas
A SPECIALTY.
J. W. BARTLETT.
North Weymouth, Mass.

COAL,
WOOD AND HAY.
Wharf, East Braintree.

For Sale at Lowest Cash Rates.
J. F. SHEPPARD.

BEST FLOUR,
GROCERIES AND
PROVISIONS,
PAPER
HANGINGS
AND BORDERS.

J. E. JOHNSON,
Washington Square, Weymouth.

BAKER & RANDALL
ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

HARDWARE & CUTLERY.

GEO. S. BAKER,
Washington Square, Weymouth.

The Smith American Organ Company
OF BOSTON, MASS.

150 FIRST PREMIUMS RECEIVED.
50,000 ORGANS MADE AND IN USE.
EVERYWHERE ADMITTED TO POSSESS THE FINEST QUALITY OF MUSICAL TONE.

FURNITURE
REPAIRING.

Enamelled Preserving Kettles.

Mason's Paraffin-lined
Self-Sealing Jars.

THEY MAKE THEIR WAY.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS,
GUNS, RIFLES & PISTOLS,
BOSTON.

FALL SEASON, 1876
Prices the lowest
for 15 years.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS
NOW IN STORE A VERY
EXTENSIVE STOCK
OF
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
FURNITURE,
CROCKERY,
GLASS, TIN, WOODEN
WARE,
Together with a full line of
CHOICE FAMILY
GROCERIES.

Flour and Fine Teas
A SPECIALTY.
J. W. BARTLETT.
North Weymouth, Mass.

COAL,
WOOD AND HAY.
Wharf, East Braintree.

For Sale at Lowest Cash Rates.
J. F. SHEPPARD.

BEST FLOUR,
GROCERIES AND
PROVISIONS,
PAPER
HANGINGS
AND BORDERS.

J. E. JOHNSON,
Washington Square, Weymouth.

BAKER & RANDALL
ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

HARDWARE & CUTLERY.

GEO. S. BAKER,
Washington Square, Weymouth.

The Smith American Organ Company
OF BOSTON, MASS.

150 FIRST PREMIUMS RECEIVED.
50,000 ORGANS MADE AND IN USE.
EVERYWHERE ADMITTED TO POSSESS THE FINEST QUALITY OF MUSICAL TONE.

FURNITURE
REPAIRING.

Enamelled Preserving Kettles.

Mason's Paraffin-lined
Self-Sealing Jars.

THEY MAKE THEIR WAY.

The Weymouth Gazette.

C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR.

THE GAZETTE HAS AN EXTENSIVE CIRCULATION IN THE ADJACENT COUNTIES, AND IS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE CHARACTER.

TO THE RIO GRANDE & BEYOND.
NO. XX.

THE STORY OF THE ALAMO.

On the morning of the 1st of March Capt. John W. Smith, with thirty-two men from Bexar, managed to steal into the Alamo, making his first move one hundred and eighty-eight men. During the 28th and 29th, the bombardment continued, answered him occasionally from the fort, and the enemy were reinforced until they numbered some four thousand two hundred men fresh and exultant, while the Texans were worn out by incessant watching and labor. In the afternoon of the latter day Santa Anna called a council of war, when after much discussion it was decided that the assault should be made on the 6th and the Alamo taken at every hazard.

Shortly after midnight on the morning of Sunday the 6th of March, the movement commenced and in less than one hour the Alamo was surrounded by the entire Mexican army, with the cavalry disposed in such a manner that escape was impossible. The infantry, with scaling ladders forming a circle about the fort advanced rapidly under a hot fire from every piece within the walls, and although heated back with great loss, their places were instantly filled and steadily and certainly the fatal circle neared a common center. Just at daylight, the ladders were placed against the walls, and the Mexicans mounted to the assault. The Texans were repulsed and the ladders thrown to the ground, only to be corrected and swarmed with living, desperate foes. At this moment the enemy were at the foot of the Alamo, and the assault was made about a hundred yards from the wall. Santa Anna ordered the ladders to be raised, and his troops surmounted the wall and by threats and promises induced them to venture a third attempt. Again were the ladders lifted to the walls, and while those who reached the top were shot and hurled over the parapet, hundreds filled their places, and pressing upward and onward, drove the handful of Texans before them. Now killed, wounded and exhausted, the brave defenders reeled to the wall, and while those who reached the top were shot and hurled over the parapet, hundreds filled their places, and pressing upward and onward, drove the handful of Texans before them. Now killed, wounded and exhausted, the brave defenders reeled to the wall, and while those who reached the top were shot and hurled over the parapet, hundreds filled their places, and pressing upward and onward, drove the handful of Texans before them.

"This," says Yokum, "this fell the Alamo and its heroic defenders; but how then by the bodies of five hundred and twenty-one of the enemy, with a like number wounded. At an early hour on that Sabbath morning all was still, yet the crimson waters of the aqueduct around the fort resembled the red sea on the clench of Babel." The defenders of Texas did not retreat, but lay there in obedience to the command of their country, and in full reliance the world has witnessed among men a greater moral valour.

Of the numbers not one survived. Mrs. Dickinson, the wife of one of the officers, and her infant, together with a negro servant of Col. Travis and two Mexican women, were suffered to depart unmolested, the child having been secreted in one of the buildings and found after the massacre. It is from Mrs. Dickinson that we learn the story of the siege and its terrible close. With a force sixteen to one, and a loss three times the entire number of the Texans, Santa Anna had succeeded in wresting for a time the presidio of Bexar from the hands of the Americans, and he announced his success in grandiloquent terms to his admiring home government. "I sincerely congratulate your excellency," writes Monasterio, the minister for foreign affairs, "for the brilliant triumph achieved over the perfidious colonists by the national arms under your command. This terrible lesson will be to us fruitful in prosperous results; besides it will teach the sympathizers among our exiled neighbors not to contend against your military talents, and the valor and decision of the brave soldiers who have covered themselves with honor in our assault so heroic. Providence is gracious to us and has destined your excellency to be the savior and preserver of the republic. Glorious with these titles, and ever patriotic your excellency has garnished your temples with laurels of unwithering fame."

On the 25th of February of the following year the troops under Col. Seguin, who had occupied San Antonio, collected the ashes of the heroes of the Alamo, which were placed in a most black coffin, on the inside of which was engraved the names of Travis, Bowie and Crockett, a solemn procession was formed and the remains borne to the place of interment, when after suitable orations they were buried with military honors.

In keeping with the modern spirit of vandalism which were pleased to turn progress, the sacred walls of the Alamo enclose today a prosaic record. Shouting and noisy bands fill its enclosure with its resounding cymbals and clouds of dust, barrels and boxes and black ink passages, while a squad of Mexican soldiers are its only human occupants. Yet hallowed and moldered and unclean as it stands, it is no less the shrine to which every pilgrim to San Antonio does utmost reverence.

The Impulse of Blood, has conferred upon it a fame as world-wide as are the deeds of heroism it gloried in the name of human liberty. On the porch of the capital at Austin, a little monument, which contains all the outward evidence that has been awarded to it, a plain obelisk, rises into the air. "Through this land has passed the blood of the Alamo and the blood of the Republic."

ETCHINGS.

BY THE PUBLISHER OF THE GAZETTE.

Peter Donahoe, the millionaire capitalist of California, has visited his old place of apprenticeship in the East, returning in a palatial car built at his works. In conversation with a friend, he said, the other day, "I began life as a poor boy, with no hope of my future, and when I became an apprentice I faithfully endeavored to learn all that I could of the work. That is the keynote of my success—through understanding of his calling. So I thought I would say to the boys of Mississippi, get a thorough knowledge of something; don't fool away your time with 'amateur' projects, or in simply learning some easy branch of bookmaking or other work, but endeavor to acquire a knowledge of the work you undertake, which will fit you in after years to occupy stations that may put you into a millionaire's shoes."

—Just as we were congratulating ourselves on the certainty of a mild winter, which the old farmers of Mississippi claim is inevitable when the animal storms clear up with mild weather, as they have this fall, we are suddenly disappointed by the announcement of a New York Standard paper, that the results on the animals and the hocks on the corn were unusually thick, these facts betokening a severe winter. Why our hocks should need an extra protection against winter's cold is a mystery that is to be solved by ordinary mortals, as their "duty is all done" earlier in the season.

—Waste of time and opportunities is a vice which is not confined to the young men of Mississippi Plain, but permeates every place, and even the condition of society of all grades. To seek a brilliant cue and make a given number of points, when practice from three to five hours a day, and never look into a useful and instructive book, is a waste of powers which will produce a crop of fruit injurious to the welfare and the community in general. "With all your getting and understanding," the modern motto is, "get on, get on, and get on."—Sitting over my former's life the other evening, and reflecting upon the vicissitudes of trade, and the poor who are made still poorer by the lack of profitable labor, in these days that try men's honors, the philosopher came to the conclusion that there is no more solid moral present, or at any other time, than the farmer who is out of debt, and it is even sadder to get into debt for a farm than for a shop or other kind of property. The will not consume it, and will not not blow it over, while the laws of finance will not shrink in value, and it will never get out of passion.

(Correspondence of the Gazette.)
A SHAM FIGHT IN BRAINSVILLE.

In 1812, the second year of the war 1812, a sham fight was witnessed on the Green at the North Meeting House in this town. It seems a challenge was given by the military company of the town, then under command of Capt. Ralph Arnold, to the Revolutionary soldiers then residing in Braintree, and others not under sixty years old, to meet them on meeting house green on some future day named by the Convention, for a Sham Fight. The challenge was accepted and the day appointed. News of the engagement spread rapidly through the town and a large crowd assembled to witness the sport. It was a pleasant afternoon in May. The preliminaries in regard to tactics having been adjusted by the convention, it was agreed that the attack should be made by Arnold's company. The veterans under command of Maj. Elisha Smith, were to receive them at the point of the bayonet after firing several rounds. At three o'clock P. M. the drum beat to arms; loud shouts went up from the spectators as the onset was about to be made. The old soldiers were strongly posted behind the Big Elm in front of the church and waited the approach of Arnold, whose object was to dislodge them by attacking them in the front of the Cemetery and driving them down to the County road a few rods from the Great tree; but after displaying his men and maneuvering awhile below the hill where the depot stands, the order was given to march up, the men on the regulars by platoons, then file to the rear. The order was obeyed and a smart engagement commenced, but the veterans stood firm. After the firing had been kept up for some considerable time and no advantage gained by Arnold, he determined to charge them at the point of the bayonet. The bugle sounded the charge, the militia marched bravely up in front of the Revolutionaries, discharged their pieces, then the clash of bayonets began, the veterans stood firm, received the fire of Arnold's men with great coolness, and instead of being driven from their position behind the old Elm, they rushed out and fought like tigers. Arnold's men soon gave way. They found it too warm work to charge the 76 men who retreated down the hill with the veterans close at their heels until the loud shouting of the multitude. It was supposed that many tumors from vests and waistbands were lost that afternoon through excessive laughter.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

Is one of the most welcome weeklies in the list of exchanges. In addition to its high literary character, it aims to afford nothing to its columns that may reasonably offend Christians of any denomination, having secured freedom of access to the families of all Christian communities. It is thoroughly devoted to the promotion of good feeling, Christian cooperation, and fraternal relations between all churches and all sections of the country. Its friends, its contributors, and its readers are among the most thoughtful and intelligent people of the several denominations. And it is maintained this liberal and evangelical character from its foundation. Every number gives a carefully digested outline of the latest news in all Christian churches, pastors, and its impartiality, fairness and candor. It is this course, it gives to intelligent and well-informed religious communities a full view of all movements in the world of Christian thought, while the departments of Art, Science, Literature, News, Agriculture, Finance, Travel, Narrative, Entertaining Reading for the Young, Notes and Queries, Poetry, &c., make it an attractive family paper.

Enamelled Preserving Kettles.

Mason's Paraffin Lined Self-Sealing Jars.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS.

ARMORERS AND REPAIRERS OF FIRE-ARMS.

GUNS, RIFLES & PISTOLS.

IRON, STEEL AND BRASS WORK.

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

SEWING MACHINES, all kinds.

COAL, WOOD.

LIME, CEMENT, BRICK, TILE, &c.

BAKER & RANDALL.

ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

COFFIN WAREHOUSE.

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER.

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

JAMES WEST.

COMMERCIAL STREET, Weymouth.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

GLAZING, GILDING, GRASSING, &c.

ALFRED WYMAN.

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACEUT.

WASHINGTON ST., opposite Prospect, WEYMOUTH.

FURNITURE REPAIRING.

Sofas, Lounges, Chairs.

UPHOLSTERING WORK.

Enamelled Preserving Kettles.

Mason's Paraffin Lined Self-Sealing Jars.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS.

ARMORERS AND REPAIRERS OF FIRE-ARMS.

GUNS, RIFLES & PISTOLS.

IRON, STEEL AND BRASS WORK.

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

SEWING MACHINES, all kinds.

COAL, WOOD.

LIME, CEMENT, BRICK, TILE, &c.

BAKER & RANDALL.

ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

COFFIN WAREHOUSE.

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER.

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

JAMES WEST.

COMMERCIAL STREET, Weymouth.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

GLAZING, GILDING, GRASSING, &c.

ALFRED WYMAN.

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACEUT.

WASHINGTON ST., opposite Prospect, WEYMOUTH.

FURNITURE REPAIRING.

Sofas, Lounges, Chairs.

UPHOLSTERING WORK.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS.

ARMORERS AND REPAIRERS OF FIRE-ARMS.

GUNS, RIFLES & PISTOLS.

IRON, STEEL AND BRASS WORK.

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

SEWING MACHINES, all kinds.

COAL, WOOD.

LIME, CEMENT, BRICK, TILE, &c.

BAKER & RANDALL.

ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

COFFIN WAREHOUSE.

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER.

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

JAMES WEST.

COMMERCIAL STREET, Weymouth.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

GLAZING, GILDING, GRASSING, &c.

ALFRED WYMAN.

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACEUT.

WASHINGTON ST., opposite Prospect, WEYMOUTH.

FURNITURE REPAIRING.

Sofas, Lounges, Chairs.

UPHOLSTERING WORK.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS.

ARMORERS AND REPAIRERS OF FIRE-ARMS.

GUNS, RIFLES & PISTOLS.

IRON, STEEL AND BRASS WORK.

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

SEWING MACHINES, all kinds.

COAL, WOOD.

LIME, CEMENT, BRICK, TILE, &c.

BAKER & RANDALL.

ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

COFFIN WAREHOUSE.

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER.

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

JAMES WEST.

COMMERCIAL STREET, Weymouth.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

GLAZING, GILDING, GRASSING, &c.

ALFRED WYMAN.

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACEUT.

WASHINGTON ST., opposite Prospect, WEYMOUTH.

FURNITURE REPAIRING.

Sofas, Lounges, Chairs.

UPHOLSTERING WORK.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS.

ARMORERS AND REPAIRERS OF FIRE-ARMS.

GUNS, RIFLES & PISTOLS.

IRON, STEEL AND BRASS WORK.

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

SEWING MACHINES, all kinds.

COAL, WOOD.

LIME, CEMENT, BRICK, TILE, &c.

BAKER & RANDALL.

ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

COFFIN WAREHOUSE.

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER.

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

JAMES WEST.

COMMERCIAL STREET, Weymouth.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

GLAZING, GILDING, GRASSING, &c.

ALFRED WYMAN.

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACEUT.

WASHINGTON ST., opposite Prospect, WEYMOUTH.

FURNITURE REPAIRING.

Sofas, Lounges, Chairs.

UPHOLSTERING WORK.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS.

ARMORERS AND REPAIRERS OF FIRE-ARMS.

GUNS, RIFLES & PISTOLS.

IRON, STEEL AND BRASS WORK.

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

SEWING MACHINES, all kinds.

COAL, WOOD.

LIME, CEMENT, BRICK, TILE, &c.

BAKER & RANDALL.

ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

COFFIN WAREHOUSE.

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER.

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

JAMES WEST.

COMMERCIAL STREET, Weymouth.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

GLAZING, GILDING, GRASSING, &c.

ALFRED WYMAN.

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACEUT.

WASHINGTON ST., opposite Prospect, WEYMOUTH.

FURNITURE REPAIRING.

Sofas, Lounges, Chairs.

UPHOLSTERING WORK.

JOHN P. LOVELL & SONS.

ARMORERS AND REPAIRERS OF FIRE-ARMS.

GUNS, RIFLES & PISTOLS.

IRON, STEEL AND BRASS WORK.

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

SEWING MACHINES, all kinds.

COAL, WOOD.

LIME, CEMENT, BRICK, TILE, &c.

BAKER & RANDALL.

ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

COFFIN WAREHOUSE.

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER.

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

JAMES WEST.

COMMERCIAL STREET, Weymouth.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

GLAZING, GILDING, GRASSING, &c.

ALFRED WYMAN.

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACEUT.

WASHINGTON ST., opposite Prospect, WEYMOUTH.

FURNITURE REPAIRING.

Sofas, Lounges, Chairs.

UPHOLSTERING WORK.

1

0.0

100

100

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

SECRET

NOBLE MORSE,
AUCTIONEER,
gives particular attention to the sale of
Real Estate, North Weymouth, Mass.
CARRIAGES.
REPAIRS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, FOR
CARRIAGES OF ALL MAKES.
In the Weymouth business, I can
guarantee the lowest rates for second-hand carriages.
My Carriage Factory,
101 Weymouth Landing.
PASTURAGE.
PASTURAGE FOR CATTLE AND HORSES
for the season commencing May 1st, and
ending in the Weymouth business, I can
guarantee the lowest rates for second-hand carriages.
My Carriage Factory,
101 Weymouth Landing.

Weymouth Gazette

BRAINTREE REPORTER.

VOL. 10. WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, DEC. 29, 1876. NO. 36.

THE

GAZETTE

BOOK,

CARD,

AND

Job Printing

OFFICE,

Washington Square, Weymouth.

Now all the Facilities for

Plain and Fancy

WORK!

BUSINESS CARDS

A SPECIALTY!

Books,

Cards,

Drafts,

Labels,

Deeds,

Orders,

Receipts,

Notes,

Posters,

Dodgers,

Tickets,

The Weymouth Gazette.
PUBLISHED BY
C. G. EASTERBROOK,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, AT WEYMOUTH,
MASS.
Terms: (Two Dollars a Year, in Advance)
(Single Copy, Five Cents.)
Orders for all kinds of Printing will receive prompt
attention, and be neatly and correctly executed.

Business Cards.
Frank W. Lewis,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
27 COURT STREET, BOSTON,
WEYMOUTH, MASS.
Office Hours: Boston, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.
Weymouth, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.

HAY and STRAW!
Bundle Hay and Straw
FOR SALE BY
JOS. LOUD & CO.,
WEYMOUTH LANDING.

SOMETHING NEW!
Buy all your KITCHEN FURNI-
TURE LINED WITH MARBLE
at the
Good News
STORE.
A. F. LOVELL,
JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH.

Don't Forget
B. F. Godwin,
HAIR DRESSER,
JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH.

M. FRENCH, Jr.,
DEALER IN
STOVES, RANGES, CARPET
SWEEPERS, Etc.
THE ROUTING AND JOBBING DONE TO ORDER.
Clothes Wringers Repaired.
CORNER OF JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH.

N. F. & H. L. Thayer,
Livery Stable
AND BOARDING,
Washington Square, WEYMOUTH.

Carriages and Harnesses
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE BY
THE Weymouth Carriage and Harness Co.,
101 Weymouth Landing, Weymouth, Mass.

HAY and STRAW
FOR SALE BY
C. G. EASTERBROOK,
101 Weymouth Landing, Weymouth, Mass.

G. W. TINKHAM, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE AT BRAINTREE, FRONT STREET,
WEYMOUTH, MASS.

DENTISTRY.
NOW is the time for those who want a set of
Teeth to have them. I will manufacture a
set of teeth, in the shape of natural teeth, and
fit them in the mouth, so that they will be
perfectly comfortable, and will last for years.
FOR TEN DOLLARS.
I will extract a tooth, without pain, by the use of
NITROGEN CHLORIDE, and will guarantee the
best results. I will also guarantee the
best results in the treatment of all kinds of
dental diseases.
OFFICE, WEYMOUTH LANDING.
B. F. A. G. NIELSEN.

CHARLES C. TYRELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
OFFICE 20 COURT ST., ROOM 14, BOSTON.
Prompt and careful attention paid to any and all
legal business.

VIOLETS!
VIOLINS MADE TO ORDER, AND CON-
STANTLY ON HAND.
Prices from \$20.00 to \$85.00.
Also,
Repairing done at short notice,
and on reasonable terms.
101 Weymouth Landing, Weymouth, Mass.

ISRAEL A. DAILEY,
LINCOLN SQUARE,
WEYMOUTH LANDING.

C. L. WELLINGTON,
Cabinet Maker,
21 Weymouth Landing, Weymouth, Mass.

Church and Store Finishing.
COUNTRIES AND GARDENS, ROOM DESKS
CARPENTERS JOINING
FURNITURE REPAIRED
AT SHORT NOTICE.

GEO. W. HERSEY,
Painter and Glazier,
101 Weymouth Landing, Weymouth, Mass.

GEO. W. VERRILL,
GEO. H. RICHARDS,
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS,
24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE,
BOSTON.

Leave your Orders
FOR
JOB PRINTING
AT THIS OFFICE, OR WITH
JOHN P. DAILEY, Business Ag't.
OF PATENTED HOME INDUSTRIES, INSTEAD OF
CITY ENTERPRISES.

W. O. FAXON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
101 Weymouth Landing, Weymouth, Mass.
Office Hours: Boston, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.
Weymouth, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.

WEYMOUTH & BRAINTREE
Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
OF WEYMOUTH.
Insures Dwellings, and other Buildings
not extra Insurance.
and the contents, at as low rates as any other
reliable company.
Amount of Stock, April 1, 1876, \$2,020,000.00
Cash Assets, \$42,000.00
Deposits, \$101,250.00
Gross Assets, \$143,250.00
S. L. WHITE, President.
ELIAS RICHARDS, Secretary.

J. BINNEY & CO.,
CHOICE
Groceries and Provisions,
LINCOLN SQUARE,
Weymouth Landing,
Butter, Cheese, Pork, Lard,
FLOUR, MEAL, COFFEE,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, TEAS, &c., &c.,
of the Best Quality.
For sale at the lowest rates, and delivered
free of charge.
OLIVER BURRELL,
House, Sign & Carriage Painter,
PAINTS, OIL, VARNISH, GLASS, &c., &c.,
BROAD ST., EAST WEYMOUTH.

R. F. RAYMOND,
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Harmony,
EAST WEYMOUTH.

WM. G. THAYER, Proprietor,
The only place in town ready to
SUPPLY PIC-NICS & PARTIES
WITH
CORNED BEEF, TONGUE, HAM, &c., &c.,
Cooked and Packed for the Table,
at the lowest rates, and delivered
free of charge.

Meats and Vegetables, also Oysters, Pastry,
Confectionery, Fruit, &c., &c.,
All orders promptly and carefully attended to,
and delivered free of charge.
Weymouth Landing, Weymouth, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1810.
Weymouth Drug Store,
FRANCIS AMBLER,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
Commercial St., Weymouth.

COOKED PROVISIONS.
All orders promptly and carefully attended to,
and delivered free of charge.
Weymouth Landing, Weymouth, Mass.

Weymouth Market
J. G. WORSTER & CO.,
PROVISION AND GROCERY STORE,
Cor. Commercial and Washington Sts.,
WEYMOUTH.

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, LARD,
HAMS, BUTTER, CHICKEN, and
FAMILY GROCERIES,
at the lowest rates, and delivered
free of charge.

JOSIAH E. RICE & SON,
Funeral Undertakers,
EAST WEYMOUTH.

ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF
Caskets or Coffins
NEW WAREHOUSES, EAST WEYMOUTH
101 Weymouth Landing, Weymouth, Mass.

W. F. HATHAWAY, M. D.,
NORFOLK ST., WEYMOUTH
Office Hours: Boston, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.
Weymouth, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.

E. C. BUMPUS,
Office, BOSTON POST BUILDING,
101 Weymouth Landing, Weymouth, Mass.

H. W. ROBINSON
& CO.,
Brockton, Mass.

THE
GREATEST BARGAINS
FOR
CHRISTMAS
AND
New Years,

To be found in Plymouth
County!

Beaver Shawls,
\$5 and \$6.
SOLD LAST YEAR FOR \$8 and \$10.

Splendid Cloaks!
\$8, \$10 and \$12.
The Best Goods We Ever Sold
For The Money!

Ladies' and Children's FURS!
IN SETS OR WITHOUT.
25 Per Cent. Cheaper than Last
Year.

EVERY VARIETY OF
DRESS GOODS!
From the Lowest to the Highest Price.

Wool Blankets
At the astonishingly low price
OF \$2.00 A PAIR.

Children's Balmoral Hose
At 33 1-3 Cents a Pair.
Which is just HALF what the goods sold for last
season.

Three-Ruffle Felt Skirt For
—\$1.00—
A Full Line of Ladies'
and Children's Un-
derwear,

Very Cheap!
25 Per Cent. Save! Every body Purchasing
our Goods will be. Nothing as represented.
H. W. ROBINSON, 34 B. STANFORD, JR.

The Representative Newspaper
OF THE
OLD COLONY!

The Brockton Weekly Gazette
IS THE LARGEST
And most widely circulated Journal in Plymouth
and Norfolk Counties. Full of
Live Local,
Fresh Correspondence,
AND
Complete and Reliable
Reports of all Home and County Events. As an
ADVERTISING MEDIUM, it is beyond question
the best in Southern New England.

Subscription, \$2.00 a Year.
Subscriptions may begin at any time.
A. T. JONES & CO., Proprietors.

MERCHANT TAILORING.
P. F. HOLLYWOOD'S
Is the best Place in BROCKTON to get a Good
Fashionable, Reliable, and well-fitting
Suits. Come! Let us show you the first class
Goods in Brockton.

Call and See Them Before Purchasing.
COR. MAIN AND GREEN STS.,
BROCKTON, MASS.

Fall and Winter Announcement
For 1876 and 1877.
JOHN TIGHE,
CUSTOM TAILOR,
W. 1st St. Weymouth, Mass.

OVERCOATS,
COATS,
SUITING,
FURNISHING GOODS,
AND EVERYTHING
that a Tailor should have.

Don't Forget the Number,
Cobb's Block, 417 Main Street,
BROCKTON.

HARDWARE
Carpenters' and Machinists' Tools
E. O. NOYES,
447 Main Street, BROCKTON.

LITERATURE.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

By GEORGE D. PRESTICE.

Time! gone faster? Like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being! and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo.

The gay Spring
With its young charms has gone—gone with its
leaves.

Its atmosphere of roses, its white clouds
Summering like vapors in the air, its birds
Telling their loves in music, and its streams
Leaping and splashing from the upturned rocks.
To make earth echo with the joy of waves.

And summer, with its dews and showers, is gone,
Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud.
Like spirits of the storm, its peaceful lakes,
Swelling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening dawns, and budding trees.

And now, the sky is blue, and its bright mist
Resting upon the mountain tops, as clouds
Upon the heads of giants. Autumn, too,
Has gone with all its deeper glories; gone
With its green hills, its daisies of the field,
Telling their love to the sun and the wind.

Its cold and stinging mist, its forest and
To wake their thousand whisperings, its serene
And holy sunsets hanging over the west.
Like flames from the battlements of heaven;
And its still evening, when the moon and stars
Waver over the hills, like the living light
Of the great universe. And these are now
But shadows and visions of the past. The deep
Wild beauty has departed from the earth.
And we are gathered to the silence of death.
For solemnly heeded to retire.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE GAZETTE.
FROM
WEYMOUTH TO TAUNTON,
VIA
THE SHIP CANAL.
A SCRAP OF LOCAL HISTORY.

HOW THE PEOPLE OF 1860 PRO-
POSED TO "ROUND THE CAPE"
BY CUTTING ACROSS IT.

WEYMOUTH, BRAINTREE, ARINGTON,
BRIDGEWATER, MIDDLEBURY AND
TAUNTON, A HALF CENTURY AGO.

THE CHRISTMAS CONTRIBUTION
TO THE "GAZETTE" OF THE
OLD COLONY.

How it was proposed to connect the waters
of Boston Harbor with Narragansett Bay
VIA
Weymouth Fore and Taunton Rivers.

THIRD PAPER.
ANOTHER ATTEMPT.

Now we strike an interval of seven-
teen years, during which the necessary
survey, to determine whether the canal
of this western route is practicable,
marking that "the importance of such a
work, and particularly of this route,
deserves the expense of such research."

"Another paper," says the report,
"is partly in Bridgewater and partly
in Taunton, and is the largest on the
line of the route. It covers an area of
about one thousand acres, and is 49 feet
1 inch above tide water, and 83 feet
4 inches above the summit ground. To
drop the level of the line of water on
this summit to a level with the pond,
will require a deep cut of seven or
eight miles. The depth of water at
Weymouth Landing is 12 feet at high
tide, and 1 foot at low tide, requiring
that the canal should be opened at a suffi-
cient distance below Weymouth Land-
ing, to reach a depth which at low tide
should equal its own. As to the termin-
us in Taunton, that river is navigable
at high water some miles above Taunton
Village, and at low water to six miles
below. At the village the river rises
three feet, and is then six or seven in
depth. The termination of the canal
must therefore be diverted in conse-
quence, and tide locks provided at each
of its extremities."

Another route, which was explored
by the Massachusetts Commissioners in
1866, led from Weymouth Back Land-
ing to Taunton, a distance of
23 1/4 miles, and is briefly noticed by
the "Barnard Board," mainly to re-
mark that "Wideman's Pond in Wey-
mouth, some 3/4 of a mile from the line,
and about midway between the Fore
and Back rivers, has a surface which is
64 feet 10 inches above tide water."

The Board, in conclusion, that the
explored route "will shorten by two or
three days the navigation from New
York to Boston, and when northwest
winds are blowing will give an advan-
tage to vessels to go into Narragansett
instead of Buzzard's Bay. This advan-
tage is an important one in winter,
when the latter bay is filled with float-
ing ice, and little or none is seen in the
former. It is to these be added, in time
of war, the great advantage of prompt
and easy communication between the
naval depot at Boston and Narragansett
Bay, and of securing the safe and
prompt arrival of naval stores from the
Southern States to Boston, we may
readily conclude that a work as impor-
tant and useful as the Canal from Tau-

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

"Will you attend Mrs. Austin's party, Alice?"

"Yes."

The money light left Alice Shelton's
loving eyes, for since he was not angry
with her, she did not care to pry into
his secrets. And yet, if he only would
confide in her, she would feel so re-
lieved!

"Will you go, Mark?"

"I think not," Alceus smile par-
ted his lips.

"Why," in a tone of surprise,
"I shall be otherwise engaged."

"None else, Mark. You must not be
such a slave to business. Few men are
as prosperous in the world."

"I have been prosperous," dreamily,
"but," he never finished the sentence.

And the panic never affected him in
the least," Alceus remarked Mrs.
Shelton, who knew as much about the
subtle workings of the financial world
as she did about the mythical inhabi-
tants of them.

Mr. Shelton jumped up, slightly
flushed in the face, and was out in the
cold, sunlit street before the little woman
had recovered from her astonish-
ment—his white, even teeth clinched
tightly together, as he hurried down to
the dim, dusty office, where so many
arduous duties demanded his attention.

Mark was a good man, humane, char-
itable and generous in all things, and
until a year back the world had gone
well with him. But the panic-stricken
dozens of his debtors, his business was
dead in a financial sense, and his credit
was gone. He had never been careless,
nervous or extravagant in filling or dis-
charging contracts, and his business
difficulties had come upon him so swiftly
and unexpectedly that the blow fell
heavier than if he had been expecting
some such catastrophe.

But Alice Shelton knew nothing of
this. The mental turmoil going on in
her husband's breast never found vent
in the dissipated word or look, and in
the previous day he had kept his face
and manner free from all traces of care
and anxiety. But the constant excite-
ment and worry had been too hard for
him, and the damping of a creditor who
demanded the punctual payment of a
note of four thousand that fell due on
the 1st, together with unforeseen de-
bts, had so upset him that he could not cov-
er his mental distress with the mask of
carelessness he had worn for weeks past.

His greatest trouble was for Alice.
Never very strong—and he had often
underestimated her strength—he had en-
deavored to surround her with every
comfort, and had carefully kept all his
business details and cares from her
ears. He had given her money
without stint, and he supposed she
spent it like other women, for she was
always well dressed, and his home was
a model of order and good taste. But
that as it may, he never thought of trac-
ing the cause of his failure to home ex-
travagance. For no woman was more
thoroughly economical without being
miserly than Mrs. Shelton. Her party
clothes were always in exceptional
style, and her dress for Mrs. Austin's
party was not designed for any unusual
display of elegance, although the gath-
ering was to be one of unusual brillian-
cy.

The night of the 29th came—a dark
stormy December night, the air filled
with snowflakes, and the sky gray and
overcast with heavy clouds.

"It is going to be a terrible night,
Mark," Mrs. Shelton said to her hus-
band, who sat before the library fire,
evidently absorbed in the contents of
the evening paper. "I have thought
once or twice since I commenced dress-
ing, that I would not go out tonight."

"Go, by all means, Alceus," the carriage
is close," her husband replied, glancing
up at the grim little figure arrayed in a
dark silk, reticulated, with pale blue
roses in her purplish-black hair, and at
the white throat, half veiled with many
laces. He smiled bitterly as he saw her
going out in her lacy, childlike bon-
net, as she might never go again
among people who had no sympathy
for failing merchants, and who would
not give his wife a thought if she were
not rich in this world's goods.

"I wish you would go," she said, se-
lectly, lingering at the door to adjust
her cloak. "Mr. Austin will be
expecting you."

Mr. Shelton, smiling, thinking, perhaps
of the formidable face of a man of
whom he had begged a loan that after-
noon, whose countenance was a dollar,
said, "I will be there in ten minutes."

"I can feel of yourself, little woman,"
he said, with a forced attempt at
gayety, "and enjoy yourself, for it is
nearly impossible for me to go."

He accompanied her to the carriage,
and as he closed the door on the placid
little face, he inwardly admonished
himself, that he was not to forget the
weakness that prompted him to
withhold the story of his difficulties from
her, when she daily ran the risk of
hearing it from lips less liable to soften
as details. Yet he still hoped that the
morrow would bring some chance of re-
deeming his lost credit; although his
efforts to raise the \$4000 due on the 1st
were still unsuccessful. He was almost
worn out with physical and mental
labor, yet he put on his hat and over-
coat, and dragged himself wearily down
the stairs through the fast-falling snow
and misty darkness, to spend the dreary
hours of his wife's absence in poring
over ledgers in his counting-room.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

"Will you attend Mrs. Austin's party, Alice?"

"Yes."

The money light left Alice Shelton's
loving eyes, for since he was not angry
with her, she did not care to pry into
his secrets. And yet, if he only would
confide in her, she would feel so re-
lieved!

"Will you go, Mark?"

"I think not," Alceus smile par-
ted his lips.

"Why," in a tone of surprise,
"I shall be otherwise engaged."

"None else, Mark. You must not be
such a slave to business. Few men are
as prosperous in the world."

"I have been prosperous," dreamily,
"but," he never finished the sentence.

And the panic never affected him in
the least," Alceus remarked Mrs.
Shelton, who knew as much about the
subtle workings of the financial world
as she did about the mythical inhabi-
tants of them.

Mr. Shelton jumped up, slightly
flushed in the face, and was out in the
cold, sunlit street before the little woman
had recovered from her astonish-
ment—his white, even teeth clinched
tightly together, as he hurried down to
the dim, dusty office, where so many
arduous duties demanded his attention.

Mark was a good man, humane, char-
itable and generous in all things, and
until a year back the world had gone
well with him. But the panic-stricken
dozens of his debtors, his business was
dead in a financial sense, and his credit
was gone. He had never been careless,
nervous or extravagant in filling or dis-
charging contracts, and his business
difficulties had come upon him so swiftly
and unexpectedly that the blow fell
heavier than if he had been expecting
some such catastrophe.

But Alice Shelton knew nothing of
this. The mental turmoil going on in
her husband's breast never found vent
in the dissipated word or look, and in
the previous day he had kept his face
and manner free from all traces of care
and anxiety. But the constant excite-
ment and worry had been too hard for
him, and the damping of a creditor who
demanded the punctual payment of a
note of four thousand that fell due on
the 1st, together with unforeseen de-
bts, had so upset him that he could not cov-
er his mental distress with the mask of
carelessness he had worn for weeks past.

His greatest trouble was for Alice.
Never very strong—and he had often
underestimated her strength—he had en-
deavored to surround her with every
comfort, and had carefully kept all his
business details and cares from her
ears. He had given her money
without stint, and he supposed she
spent it like other women, for she was
always well dressed, and his home was
a model of order and good taste. But
that as it may, he never thought of trac-
ing the cause of his failure to home ex-
travagance. For no woman was more
thoroughly economical without being
miserly than Mrs. Shelton. Her party
clothes were always in exceptional
style, and her dress for Mrs. Austin's
party was not designed for any unusual
display of elegance, although the gath-
ering was to be one of unusual brillian-
cy.

The night of the 29th came—a dark
stormy December night, the air filled
with snowflakes, and the sky gray and
overcast with heavy clouds.

"It is going to be a terrible night,
Mark," Mrs. Shelton said to her hus-
band, who sat before the library fire,
evidently absorbed in the contents of
the evening paper. "I have thought
once or twice since I commenced dress-
ing, that I would not go out tonight."

"Go, by all means, Alceus," the carriage
is close," her husband replied, glancing
up at the grim little figure arrayed in a
dark silk, reticulated, with pale blue
roses in her purplish-black hair, and at
the white throat, half veiled with many
laces. He smiled bitterly as he saw her
going out in her lacy, childlike bon-
net, as she might never go again
among people who had no sympathy
for failing merchants, and who would
not give his wife a thought if she were
not rich in this world's goods.

"I wish you would go," she said, se-
lectly, lingering at the door to adjust
her cloak. "Mr. Austin will be
expecting you."

Mr. Shelton, smiling, thinking, perhaps
of the formidable face of a man of
whom he had begged a loan that after-
noon, whose countenance was a dollar,
said, "I will be there in ten minutes."

"I can feel of yourself, little woman,"
he said, with a forced attempt at
gayety, "and enjoy yourself, for it is
nearly impossible for me to go."

He accompanied her to the carriage,
and as he closed the door on the placid
little face, he inwardly admonished
himself, that he was not to forget the
weakness that prompted him to
withhold the story of his difficulties from
her, when she daily ran the risk of
hearing it from lips less liable to soften
as details. Yet he still hoped that the
morrow would bring some chance of re-
deeming his lost credit; although his
efforts to raise the \$4000 due on the 1st
were still unsuccessful. He was almost
worn out with physical and mental
labor, yet he put on his hat and over-
coat, and dragged himself wearily down
the stairs through the fast-falling snow
and misty darkness, to spend the dreary
hours of his wife's absence in poring
over ledgers in his counting-room.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

"Will you attend Mrs. Austin's party, Alice?"

"Yes."

The money light left Alice Shelton's
loving eyes, for since he was not angry
with her, she did not care to pry into
his secrets. And yet, if he only would
confide in her, she would feel so re-
lieved!

"Will you go, Mark?"

"I think not," Alceus smile par-
ted his lips.

"Why," in a tone of surprise,
"I shall be otherwise engaged."

"None else, Mark. You must not be
such a slave to business. Few men are
as prosperous in the world."

"I have been prosperous," dreamily,
"but," he never finished the sentence.

And the panic never affected him in
the least," Alceus remarked Mrs.
Shelton, who knew as much about the
subtle workings of the financial world
as she did about the mythical inhabi-
tants of them.

Mr. Shelton jumped up, slightly
flushed in the face, and was out in the
cold, sunlit street before the little woman
had recovered from her astonish-
ment—his white, even teeth clinched
tightly together, as he hurried down to
the dim, dusty office, where so many
arduous duties demanded his attention.

Mark was a good man, humane, char-
itable and generous in all things, and
until a year back the world had gone
well with him. But the panic-stricken
dozens of

